

BUDDHISM.

THE RELIGION OF JAPAN, BURMAH, SIAM AND KOREA.

Wonderful Temples and Queer Priests of This Sect—One Japanese Temple That Will Cost \$5,000,000—Missionary Work.

It will be a surprise to many, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the New York Press, to know that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. They even talk of sending missionaries to the United States and to the Asiatic countries, including China and Korea and India.

Buddhism is the religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan and Korea. It has millions of followers in China and India. In Japan alone there are 72,000 Buddhist temples. In the city of Kyoto, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3,500 temples devoted to this religion. Some of the most gorgeous temples in the world are the wonderful structures in which Buddha is worshipped at Bangkok in Siam. At Rangoon, in Burmah, is the famous structure known as the Golden Pagoda, which is said to rest over several of the hairs which came from Buddha's head. This temple is a mountain of gold, or rather of brick and stone plastered over with gold leaf. Built upon a mighty platform, its base is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, from which these terraces of gold go upward in bell-like curves to a height almost as great as the Washington Monument.

A large part of it has been the work of charity. The carpenters, the carvers and other artists came from all parts of the country and worked a certain number of weeks for nothing. It has been about fifteen years in



WAKING UP BUDDHA.
From a Sketch Made by a Native Artist.

building. When I first saw it six years ago there were forty acres of sheds about it, in which hundreds of carpenters were cutting up great logs, which had been imported from the island of Formosa, into boards, while hundreds of carvers were turning other logs into works of fine art. Everything was done by hand. Immense beams, such as would be a load for a team of Norman horses, were being carried up to the top of the structure by women and men. A road about fifteen feet wide had been built upon a scaffolding, making an inclined plane running clear to the roof of the structure. A hundred or so men would catch hold of one of these logs and carry it up on their backs. There was then, and there is still, an immense scaffolding about the temple made of thousands of poles tied together with ropes. These poles were of all sizes,

known as the Nishi Hongwandi temple, and it is a wonder in the richness of its interior decoration. It has hundreds of rooms walled with gold leaf, and it contains hundreds of screens painted by the old Japanese masters. A famous left-handed artist of Japan, Jingoro, did most of the carving within it, and it is ceiled in some places with black and gold lacquer, and its trimmings are of wonderfully carved brass. It has a bell almost as big as a small seaside cottage, and this is hung by a big log of wood, and which is rung outside of the bell to a rope, and can be pulled back so that it will strike the bell on the rebound. It has one audience room which takes nearly 1000 yards of matting to cover it, and the brass lanterns which hang from the great rafters of this room are each as big as a hog-head.

There are many Buddhist sects in Japan. They all believe in Buddha, but they have different doctrines and different modes of worship. There is one sect which sell medicine and charms which will protect you against coughs, consumption, the devil or the smallpox. They sell all kinds of sand, which is supposed to make the limbs of the dead soft and flexible, so they can be easily doubled in the boxlike coffins which are used by the Japanese. These are known as the Tendai sect, and they have between four and five thousand temples in Japan. The Monto sect, the Nichiren and the Jodo sect may be called the three most powerful branches of the Japanese Buddhists. The Montos worship Amida Buddha, and they say that earnest prayer, noble thoughts and good works are the elements of their faith. It is to this sect, I think, that these two big temples which I have described belong. It has also immense temples in Tokio and elsewhere. The Nichiren sect are the shouting worshippers of the faith. They are violent and noisy, and they think that all other sects except themselves go straight to hell. The Jodo sect do not eat flesh, and they insist that their priests should not marry. They pray without ceasing, and spend a great part of their time squatting before bells of wood and brass, on which they pound in order to wake up the gods.

About the Buddhist temples are little wooden gods for babies' diseases, around which children's bibs are tied. There are other gods which are supposed to help babies in teething. There are some which are good for the stomach ache and others which will cure sore eyes. In some of the temples are sacred ponies which you may feed with holy beans at one cent a plate and gain religious credit thereby. These are, I think, however, more connected with the Shinto temples.

There is a famous white horse at the temples of Ise which is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers. According to the stories current in Japan, he has a good deal to do with the warlike matters of the empire, for after the Satsuma rebellion he disappeared and did not come back for three days. His return on the third day was considered very propitious of the success of the Emperor's cause. During the present struggle with China he disappeared again, and after ten days returned looking fresh and well. The prophets of Japan state that this indicated Japan's victories over China, and that the hostilities would last three times as long as the Satsuma rebellion.

There is no part of the East where the missionaries do more work than in Japan, and they have stirred the Buddhists into action. Many of the Japanese do not like the idea that their country should be a field for missionary labors, and some of the people think that such mission work as is done should be done by native pastors. Not long ago the question of foreign missions came up in Parliament, and it was argued from one standpoint that the missionaries ought to be tolerated because they brought a great deal of money into the country. It was stated in the papers at that time that there were 850 foreign missionaries in Japan, and they average at least \$100 per month, making a total of \$85,000 per month spent by the missionaries. It will thus be seen that the Christian churches annually spend in Japan at least \$780,000 a year, and these expenditures, the native papers thought, ought to be encouraged. They stated that there were 40,000 Christians among the Japanese, and there were 1200 Japanese pastors. The missionaries in Japan are, in reality, doing a great deal of earnest work.

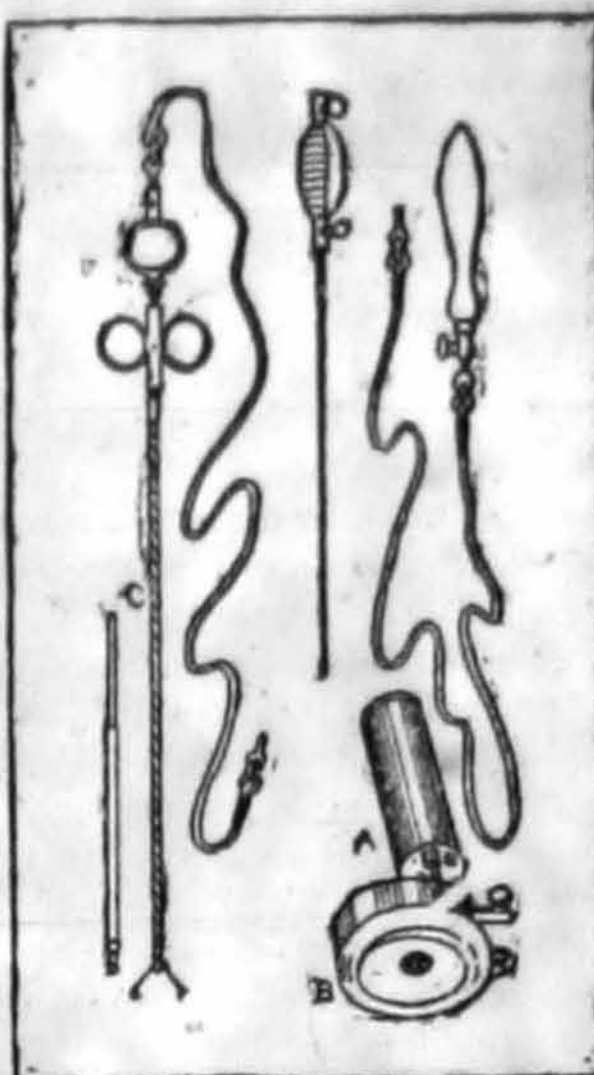
An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

A well-known woman once asked Rubinstein, the famous pianist, for a ticket to one of his concerts. "Madame," he replied, "I have only one seat in my disposition. But if you do not object to occupying it I shall gladly give it to you." The happy woman asked where it was. "At the piano," replied the great musician, with a bow.—Chicago Record.

The Army Ordnance Office has placed an order with the Kilby Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, for ten disappearing gun-carriages to support the completed ten-inch steel rifles.

Probing for a Bullet by Electricity.

One of the most important recent inventions in surgery is the telephonic probe, the discovery of Dr. Wells, a surgeon in the United States service. This probe, says the New York World, is designed for use in the cure of epilepsy, the strange malady which has so long puzzled the medical profession. It had been recognized that epilepsy was in many cases the result of the presence of a foreign substance in the



THE TELEPHONE PROBE.
A.—Battery. B.—Ear-piece or Receiver.
C.—Probe Extractor.

brain, such as a sliver of skull or a piece of a bullet. But operation among the tissues of the brain in the effort to find such a substance was dangerous work, from which many surgeons shrunk, though it was justified in extreme cases.

To poke an instrument about the interior folds of the brain in the effort to find a small fragment of foreign substance was not only dangerous, but in most cases fruitless. This has now been obviated by the telephonic probe, which instantly tells the operator when he has touched the foreign substance, and then, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the probe, without being moved from its position, opens and grasps the fragment, which is quickly removed. In connection with the diamond drill for operation on the skull, this discovery has enormously advanced brain surgery.

It consists of three parts. First, there is the probe, which is gently insinuated through the tissues; second, a little pocket battery connected with the ear-piece, and third, the ear-piece itself, which is exactly like the corresponding part of a telephone.

It is used in this way: The flap is cut with the Pyle drills and turned back. Then the chain which dangles from the probe is screwed into one of the keys which projects from the ear-piece, and the hand piece for the operator is similarly connected with another key in the ear-piece.

The surgeon then takes the probe in the right hand, puts the ear-piece to his ear, and gently presses the probe through the delicate tissues of the brain until it touches the foreign body, bone or bullet, as it may be. The minute this contact is accomplished quite a distinct sound is carried through the circuit to the operator's ear. By an ingenious device a pair of teeth are projected on each side of the end of the probe, and take immediate hold of the foreign substance thus found, which can be deftly drawn out of the wound.

The detective and extractive powers of this apparatus are said to be infallible, and the extraordinary fineness of its work is particularly serviceable in the brain, whose tissues are so easily damaged, and where, naturally, the very least amount of laceration is desirable.

A Great Pedestrian.

Arthur J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the British House of Commons, is a great pedestrian, but he will carry neither stick nor umbrella



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

in any sort of weather. He is often seen with imperturbable face, his long legs tramping through the rain at a lively pace.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd or Even—Interested—After Reading—Wouldn't Pop—Nothing in It, Etc., Etc.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the swain, "Oh, maiden of the Rhine, she blushed in sweet confusion and softly faltered: 'Nets.' He felt rebuffed and knew not! What best to say, and then a sudden thought came to him. He pleaded, 'Make it ten.'"
—New York Mercury.

INTERESTED.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold."
Bob—"Stout girl, I hope!"—Pack.

WOULDN'T POP.

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"
Helen—"I've been trying for two years to make him speak."—Philadelphia Life.

AFTER READING.

"I only got five dollars for that poem."
"If that was my poem, Mr. Pen-scratch, I wouldn't have let 'em print it for five hundred dollars."—Life.

A FITTING RECEPTION.

Mrs. Suburb—"Dora! Dora!"
Daughter—"Yes, Ma."
Mrs. Suburb—"Run to the piano and play 'Hail to the Chief.' Here come the new girl."—New York Weekly.

NOTHING IN IT.

Landlady (noticing boarder looking intently into his soup)—"What is the matter, Mr. Slimdick? Is there anything in your soup?"
Mr. Slimdick—"I haven't found anything yet."—Pack.

THE LAUNDRESS' FAD.

Jessie Fadley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."
Mrs. Fadley—"Well, I think that is what must be the matter with our laundress."—Philadelphia Life.

A PROSPECTIVE FATE.

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"
He—"Number one."
"And after that?"
"After number one, you will need a dog."—Life.

MENDACITY VS. IGNORANCE.

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"
Biddy—"Sure, and O'll see, sor. (Returning in a few minutes) No, sor, she ain't, sor, but she wants ter know whin yez'll be after calling agin, sor."—Truth.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Mr. Cynical Sneer and Tom Spittle-jag, two society youths, had a row in their club room. The latter said very severely:
"My dear friend, allow me to tell you that you are a donkey."
"Well," responded Mr. Sneer, "will you kindly tell me, am I a donkey because I'm your friend, or am I your friend because I'm a donkey?"—Texas Siftings.

WHAT HE WANTED IN IT.

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.
"Cream in it, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"No."
"Sugar?"
"No."
"Perhaps you'll have a spoon, sir?" smiled the waiter.

"No. I don't want a spoon either," growled the guest.
The waiter was nonplussed.
"Won't you have anything in it, sir?" he urged.

"Yes, heat. Take it back," and the waiter took it back.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"
Herself—"Yes, papa—several. An iceman proposed to me."
Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"
Herself—"Nay, nay, papa."
Her Father—"Ingrate!"
Herself—"After him a plumber proposed to me, dear papa."
Her Father (excitedly)—"And him—did you accept him?"
Herself—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."
Her Father—"Fool! Idiot!"
Herself—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."
Her Father (on the verge of apoplexy)—"Madeline!"
Herself (calmly)—"I accepted him, father."
Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child—you are the rarest rose of them all."—Truth.



BEGGING PRIESTS OF JAPAN.

It has a base of fourteen acres, and on its top is a great golden umbrella, to the ribs of which jewels are hung. The whole of this vast structure is plated with gold. It is hundreds of years old, and it has been plated again and again, and there are, undoubtedly, millions of dollars' worth of metal mixed with its brick and plaster. One King of Burmah vowed that he would give his weight in gold to this monument if Buddha would grant him something that he wanted. Buddha accepted the proposition. At least his wish was realized, and when he hopped on the imperial scales it is said that he registered 170 pounds. The vow cost him just about \$45,000 in gold leaf. This great monument is now being regilded.

I visited temples in China which contained thousands of little gold Buddhas. There is one at Nanking in which I saw 10,000 gods under one roof. Some of them were very small gods, and all were plated with gold leaf.



OLD PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

Perhaps the finest and costliest church that is being erected in the world to-day, is the Higashi Hongwani Temple, in Kyoto. When it is finished it will have cost, all told, something like \$5,000,000. Think of that! Eight million dollars for a church! I don't believe we have one in the United States that has cost as much, and I know we have none that have been built in such a curious way.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 22, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

AT New Orleans, five non-union men were killed in a riot on March 12th.

THE American flag has been fired upon by a Spanish gunboat near the Cuban shore. Explanations are demanded.

THE Supreme Court of Appeals has the income tax question before it now, and will soon pass on its constitutionality. It is almost sure to fail.

RECENT decisions have been adverse to the Bell Company's telephone patents, and we have reason to hope that hereafter "talk will be cheap."

P. W. MORRIS, the school book agitator of the Legislature, has sued the editor of the *Grafton Leader* for libel just because the said editor insinuated that he did not have a better opinion of Morris than he had of Col. C. B. Hart, of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. It looks as though Col. Hart has the right to recover damages.

LAST year a decision was made by the Court of Appeals of Virginia, declaring the law compelling men to labor on the public roads unconstitutional. This year some of the county judges have determined to ignore that decision and fine every man who does not respond to the call of the overseer of roads, in order that the question shall be taken before the present Court of Appeals, whose members have qualified since the decision was made.

DECISIONS by the United States Court and the Court of Appeals of Virginia were recently made concerning the right of property the adjoining land owner has in the roadway. These decisions interpret the laws of our own State. It was decided that the public highway is an easement over which the public has a right to pass and repass, but not to stop. For instance, a wagoner does not have the right to camp in the road. It would be a trespass on the adjoining landowner. It decided that the grass on the roadside belonged to such landowner, and that the absence of fencing to protect it, did not destroy the right of landowner to maintain an action of trespass against anyone who used such grass.

WORTH, the Parisian dressmaker, died in Paris at an advanced age. He probably missed Ward McAllister for McAllister made the people worthy to wear costumes from Worth. Worth made havoc with our feathered friends, for if he suggested a certain sort of dead bird for a hat, that bird stood a fair chance of extermination. He, as king of fashions, has probably done more to intensify the vanity of the rapid society belles, and to raise more bitter animosity and envy among women than any other agent of the evil one. It seems strange that such men as he and Ward McAllister should really be men, with the same form and features and feelings, no doubt, as the honest laborer, who loves his family, gets drunk, and repentant. It seems as though such panderers to artificiality must have been artificial and only well regulated machines.

ONE of those things which it is easier to let be and say nothing about than to try to bring in reform, is the labor expended on the public roads. In some thinly settled communities the present method of contributing labor is indispensable, and good work is done. All the neighborhood meets quite cheerfully and the road is worked and widened in a manner that makes another year's travel possible. But at other points, and it is to be feared, in a majority of precincts, the men assembled do not accomplish half as much as they should. It is notorious that if a man is working faithfully he receives little or no encouragement from the overseer or anyone else. Another evil is the appropriation of funds. In small towns the general rule is for men to pay the surveyor three dollars. This he pockets, and as his accounts are never audited, in a number of cases he forgets that he owes the State three dollars and rests easy. Thus if an overseer should receive twenty dollars in fines, he has two ways open to him to simply be careless and cheat the county. He can put in a few days work and charge the county twenty dollars, and report the men who paid as having worked four days each, or he can forget all about it, and some people's memories are treacherous. Many an overseer who would scorn to diverge in the slightest degree from what was strictly honorable in dealing with another man, has received that three dollar fine from some citizen, intended to have it expended, forgot all about it, and the result is that the county and the man both lose it. A number of overseers, too, let the summer go by and fail to get their men out full time, and cause dissatisfaction with the system in that the men do not share alike. There is a good deal of looseness in our present mode of working roads.

THE "West Virginia Supplement" was the heading of the *Manufacturer's Record* last week. As might be expected, there was much to be seen concerning our prospective railroads. It informs you that the panic of 1893 put back railroad building in West Virginia fully ten years. It is very encouraging, though, to know that we have so much natural wealth which is not to be disturbed yet awhile. The whole tenor of endless pages of reading matter was that this State is to be the next scene of action in commercial activity, and that our oil, coal, and timber will cause the State to develop with the wonderful rapidity which marked that of Western Pennsylvania.

Dilley's Mill.
The ruthless storms of winter having bid the azure dome of the upper deep adieu, we and all friends of spring are permitted to welcome spring with her balmy breezes and faultless skies. How gladly we welcome spring. Every thing is in harmony, and it is the true season in which to be thankful for having survived the hard winter.
There is quite a literary society at "Cove Hill." We are glad to see our young people take an interest in anything pertaining to education. A desire to be well informed is a commendable ambition.
Mr. T. M. Aldridge was in this part recently.
Miss Lula Aldridge has returned home.
Miss Cora Moore, who has been very sick, is rapidly improving.
Rev. C. M. Sawyer preached his last sermon for this year at Bethel, on the 17th.
Prof. G. E. Moore has been looking after his interest at the Academy.
Some of our young men are on Hunter's Drive.
Gen. Butler has a favorite hound which knows his rival's track by the scent.
ANONYMOUS.

It looks as if peace will be soon established between China and Japan. Japan gets the island of Formosa. The independence of Korea will be acknowledged, and China will claim no right of any interference in Korean affairs whatever. Japan will have the use of the conquered forts for a term of years. This will secure a permanent peace as these forts command the approaches to Peking. Two hundred and fifty millions in gold will be paid as indemnity to Japan. There appears to be no danger of European powers making objection, as the Japanese claim nothing of the mainland and ask no permanent occupancy of Chinese territory.

THERE have been seven deaths among the ministers of the Baltimore M. E. Conference within a year. The last was Rev. S. W. Snapp, of White Cross, Va., aged 60 years.

To Veterans.
POCAHONTAS CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, March 15, 1895.
The Executive Committee, consisting of the Commander, three Lieutenant Commanders, and Adjutant, will meet at Marlinton on Tuesday, April 2d, (Court-day), 1895, for the purpose of adopting a Constitution, By laws, and Regulations for the government of the Camp. A prompt and full attendance is respectfully requested.
By order of
A. C. L. GATEWOOD,
JOHN J. BEARD, Commander,
Adjutant.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by March 25th.
E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellabona), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA }
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit: }
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

NOTICE. I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Renick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.
Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.
W. A. BRATTON,
Special Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.
J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. E. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security.
CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.
J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA }
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit: }
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros. & Co. of \$418.06 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.50 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gum and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred installments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

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Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—Go to J. D. Pullin & Co. for fancy groceries, jelly, apple-butter, etc.

—Mr. J. Rock has taken charge of the McClintic mill and is giving satisfaction to customers.

—In Tucker county several indictments were made against merchants for selling cigarettes to boys.

—Just received at J. D. Pullin & Co's, a nice line of gents and ladies fine shoes, at lowest market prices. Give us a call.

—The late act requires two days work to be put on the road by the overseer with all the hands of his district before June 1st.

—The Dewing Company have finished the work at Cheat Bridge, and have moved their camp down the river to a point about eight miles above Elkins.

—During the recent flood there was a log jam in Cheat River composed of 5,000,000 feet of timber. The water was dammed up twenty feet above the bank. It was photographed.

—The Hinton Independent-Herald is now wned by a somewhat different company, Mr. H. Jordan retiring. The new firm, under the style of Warren & Co., is comprised of Hon. George W. Warren, Howard Templeton, and Frank Peyton.

—The new county of Mingo is falling into danger. There is to be an election over a county-seat contest. The town of Williamson, a thriving railroad town, is the present county-seat, but the petitioners propose to move it to a place called Rock House, on Pidgeon Creek.

—From nameless indications it is to be inferred that much interest in masonry prevails in the Huntersville Lodge. The diffusion of peace, comfort, and good will may be anticipated in a community so favored. So mote it be.

—At Basic City, Va., they got up a great fox chase lately. There were hundreds of horses, forty hounds, and three foxes. The foxes were let loose and given a start and the whole cavalcade came thundering after. Two of the foxes were recaptured and the other one was a total loss.

—Every body who amounts to anything has a cold these days. All seem to be affected alike. A hoarseness is noticed, and the head hurts. All through the body the paralyzing influence of lagrippe is felt. There seems to be no special remedy except to see the doctor, and he puts the ingredients into a bottle—one for each disease you have—and gives you a teaspoonful. The main thing is to keep up the tone of the system, avoid the use of liquor and tobacco, and keep warm and dry.

—The lumbermen have been afforded much high water during the past week. The Cumberland Lumber Co. left this place last Friday, and could bring the rear along as fast as they could walk. A fine ark was built by John A. Taylor, with the house part 110 ft. long. This ark went by Sunday at least twenty miles behind the drive. D. O'Connell has a drive up Knapp's Creek yet. Capt. Smith's drive must be pretty well done by this time. Commodore Peters, of Ronover, was in town and informs that the mill there is cutting over 100,000 feet of lumber daily.

—A writer in the Richmond Dispatch from Highland county, shows a pardonable pride in the statement that there is not a bar-room or distillery in his county. We boast of the same felicity in Pocahontas, but it would not do to leave the impression that the intoxicant associated with the thought of a bar-room is not the usual old familiar juice to our citizens. As a matter of fact, the absence of bar-rooms causes the importation of a vast deal of liquor in bulk. So it will not do to bank too much on the lack of bar-rooms, for the system of supply of these counties is not a whit less sure, only more secret, and, therefore, more dangerous to the beginner. It is hard to tell sometimes whether it is harder to fight the drink evil when it is in the open or under cover.

—A legal controversy at Edray is exciting much comment and interest. It is a case between Eugene Sandridge and Mrs. M. F. Ruckman, in an action of detinue for the recovery of the possession of a certain mare until "complanting." One claims that the mare was to be his for use until that time for having wintered her. The defendant sets up that the mare was to remain with the plaintiff until she was wanted at home, and gives in evidence of ill-treatment. The first trial came off at Edray last Thursday, attorneys Bratton and Price making the fight for the respective parties. The jury hung. The amount of the costs of the case already is three times what the mare is worth, and the case is just where it was when begun. Such is law.

—Several firms are competing for the privilege of furnishing the new court-house. Mr. W. A. Bratton, attorney for a Chicago house, has submitted a bid. The bids made lead you to infer that \$3000 is the sum necessary to furnish the rooms in style with the manner in which they are finished. This includes steel fittings for vaults, desks, tables, chairs, and furniture generally. It is absolutely essential that this furniture should be bought, for nothing would look more grotesque than to occupy the building with the old seats and pine tables now on hand. We must have things to conform, for the new court-house would be a very cheerless place without the fittings and would be regarded with feelings of disappointment.

—Mr. J. W. Hevener, who is refitting his flouring-mill, on the head of the James River, in Highland County, is pushing the work toward completion. The engine purchased by Mr. Hevener to propel the new machinery is a forty-horse-power, and a relic of the Goshen boom, having been placed there by a rolling mill company in the reckless days of 1891 and 1892, and was bought by Mr. Hevener at a great sacrifice. The boiler weighs 9,000 pounds, and was a heavy burden to bear across our mountains. When completed this mill will have a daily output of thirty barrels, the largest capacity of any mill in this section to the country.

—The old lady Conrad who died recently in Gilmer County at the age of 120 years, was probably the oldest person in the United States. Her maiden name was Mace. When about 100 years ago she married her husband, her father in law opposed the match on the grounds that she was a witch. He had a lot of trouble while he remained at enmity with her, and this and the advanced age she reached would give color to the theory of old Captain Conrad, of Braxton, formed so many years ago.

—The latest news of Capt. Smith and his drive, was that he had a million feet of timber jammed in a certain bend of Anthony's Creek. Col. O'Connell says that he has had a similar jam at the same place, that cost him \$2000 to loosen up. We hope that the report is at least exaggerated.

—The coal region of the eastern states, lies within the boundaries of nine states; of these West Virginia leads with 17,000 square miles of land underlaid with coal. Pennsylvania comes next, with 12,300 square miles, and so on rapidly decreasing to Georgia, which has 170 square miles.

—The cigarette law imposing a fine of \$500 on cigarette dealers will go into effect about May 20th. It is not likely that cigarettes will be sold outside of large cities.

—The postoffice at Dunmore will be removed on the 1st of April. The present postmaster, Capt. C. B. Swecker, has held the position for fifteen years, and during all that time has given perfect satisfaction.

—Monday, March 25th, from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Clearance sale. Everything for actual cost for two hours. Don't miss this opportunity of securing some of the grand bargains that will be offered.

—Preaching service at Sunset on the 24th inst at 11 a. m., and at Indian Draft on the 31st inst at 11 a. m. by Rev. W. T. Price.

—J. D. Pullins & Co. will soon have in stock a full line of gents' and ladies' furnishing goods.

MARLINTON WINS

THE HOME TEAM DEFEATS THE MINGO TEAM. SCORE SEVEN TO ONE.

The Concert a Great Success.

Our town was very much enlivened last Saturday by the presence of the Englishmen from Mingo, who had come to play the first game of the annual football match. There was a large crowd of interested spectators to see the game, though the day was very stormy. The game was called at about 2 p. m. Marlinton won the choice of goals and chose the northern goal from whence the wind was blowing a gale. The ball went into the Mingo territory and remained there pretty much during the first three-quarters of an hour, during which Marlinton kicked five goals. Goals were then exchanged, and though the home team worked against the wind, they were able to score two goals in the second half to Mingo's one. The teams were cheered on by an enthusiastic crowd. While the play was necessarily a little rough, none of the players sustained a serious hurt, and there was no contention whatever. The faultlessly attired umpire, Mr. T. Ricketts, was caught in a scrimmage over the ball at one time, thrown down and trampled on and very painfully injured. The visiting team played in a bright scarlet uniform which made the game easily watched, as the players were easily distinguished from the ominous black of the home team. The return match is to be played at Mingo on April 13th, and as several of the best Mingo players were unable to be at Marlinton, the home team will have to prepare for a hard struggle to retain their laurels.

THE CONCERT.

An impromptu concert was arranged for the evening. The singers were members of the two teams and some Marlinton ladies and gentlemen. The court-house was crowded with an appreciative audience. Misses Daisy Yeager, Mollie Smith, and Susie Price lent their musical aid to the occasion. Mr. Arthur Lawson in the role of Lottie Collins, was one of the great cards. Mr. W. A. Bratton's songs were all well received by the delighted audience. Mr. G. Tompkins was called the PRIMA DONNA of Mingo, and his songs reached the spot. Mr. Tim A'Hern, the inimitable, in his "Remember, boy, you're Irish," touched a chord in each one's heart.

Owing to limited space we cannot give a longer account of the game or concert, but before closing we, in the name of the people of the town, wish to thank the visitors for the gala day they afforded the village, and to wish for a speedy repetition of their visit.

The gentlemen themselves ask us to express their thanks for the kindness shown them by the citizens of the town during their stay.

Goodman Cleared.

It seems incredible that Goodman should be cleared of the charge of murder for the killing of Col. Parsons. At the time the killing occurred, it was considered by many an out and out murder. Goodman sought for Parsons in an angry frame of mind and for the purpose of quarreling. They met in the office of a famous hotel at Clifton Forge, Va. Parsons was without arms and was shot and killed. Goodman was first tried and sentenced to a term of eighteen years in the penitentiary. This was not considered a harsh sentence; the wonder was rather that he escaped with his neck. He obtained a new trial, and the result is a triumphant acquittal. His defense was that Parsons was reaching for a pistol when he shot him. Virginia juries must faintly realize the solemnity of homicide if this is the price they put on it. Anything rather than to turn such a character loose again.

Particular Notice.

Quite a number of copies of last week's issue were destroyed by the rain through the carelessness of the mail carrier. If you missed last week's copy, this is what became of it. Some of the papers were reduced to pulp. We will settle with the carrier later on.

FOR RENT! My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden. J. R. POAGE, Edray, W. Va.

Obituary.

MRS. W. B. HILL.

Our community was shocked by the sudden death of Mrs. Allie Hill, wife of W. B. Hill, on the evening of the 13th inst.

She had been quite ill, but her friends were hopeful of her recovery. She herself did not think the end was so near. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. James C. Snedagar. She was thirty-three years of age, and had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for six years.

She was a true and devoted wife and a kind and affectionate mother, and by her kind and gentle disposition had won the respect of all who knew her.

She was a lady noted for her hospitality, giving all who called at her home a cheerful welcome. She leaves a husband and five little children to mourn their loss, but there is comfort in the blessed assurance that she has gone "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community.

"Her toils are past, her work is done, And she is fully blest: She's fought the fight the vict'ry won And entered into rest."

"Then let our sorrows cease to flow— God has recalled his own; And let our hearts in every woe, Still say, 'Thy will be done!'" B.

Personal.

Miss Nora Riley, the accomplished daughter of J. W. Riley, Esq., of Green Bank, is now at the Normal School at Mt. Clinton, Va.

Justice W. H. Grosé, of Huntersville, was down in his judicial capacity on Tuesday.

Mr. John Gibson and wife, of Elk, called at our office on Saturday.

Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, has been in town for more than a week.

Mr. J. L. Heckmer, Secretary of the Pocahontas Development Company, will attend April court.

Miss Birdie Baxter, of Edray, made Marlinton a flying visit on Tuesday.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, Mr. Harry Moore, and Rev. John A. Taylor, prominent citizens of Dunmore, and horses, came in on the boat Friday afternoon, and returned home by land.

Dunmore.

A little mud, I thank you.

Messrs. Jacobs, Carter, Eskridge, and P. Golden, the Jew hustler, of Marlinton, were in our town this week.

Mr. P. D. Yeager spent a few days with us last week.

J. Lowey, the big drummer, was in town Monday, and had a smile on his face as long as a country minister's salary.

One of the court house carpenters undertook to ride a log down the Greenbrier River, and came out a complete Dunkard, and says a dip in the winter is very refreshing.

Master Clarence McLaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been going to school here, returned home Sunday.

Miss Alice McLaughlin closed her school Saturday, at which time the people generally engaged in a big game of football.

Mr. Benck Kerr left yesterday for the Hot Springs to meet Mrs. Amanda Phipphus.

Mr. Harry Taylor returned yesterday from Rockingham county with Messrs. Shank and Simmers, who will commence sawing for Harvey Nottingham.

The body of Mr. John Hall, of Hightown, who was cut to pieces on a sawmill at Davis, passed here Thursday, and was buried at his home at Hightown.

We understand that two unknown men held up Mrs. Tracy, Friday evening, three miles this side of Travelers' Repose, her cloak torn off, her life threatened, etc.

Rev. C. L. Potter preached his last sermon Sunday night for the present conference year. We hope to get him back.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was in town today looking after the horny tribe.

Mr. Fulton, of Ttaunton was in town yesterday. Also Charlie Shoemate, of Monterey, Va. Jacob and George Taylor left today for Hattonsville to put up some wagons.

Now the bluebird and the robbin Keep their little tails a bobbin'. TOM SAWYER.

Clover Lick.

Ice and snow are melting fast. Conclusive proof that winter's past! Now the birds begin to sing. To show the world that this is spring.

Professor Adams has been here looking up a music class. James Meeks' family is on the sick list.

Woods Dille has prepared a new blacksmith shop near the highway.

A flock of thirty-five wild geese passed the other day.

Clark McCloud has moved to Mr. Joe McLaughlin's, on Back Alleghany. We will miss him very much in our neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob Beverage is building a new dwelling house on Sam Higgins' farm, and expects to move there soon.

Some sugar and molasses have been made. Feed is scarce, but the grass is growing again.

ALMOST A FIRE.

Mr. Oscar Bell's chimney got on fire the other day, and he had some trouble to keep his house from being destroyed. The north wind was blowing a gale and the flames rose high above the mouth of the chimney. Mr. Bell ascended the roof and by dashing water over the roof prevented it from burning. As the water froze on the roof, he had a dangerous time getting down again.

PUMPKINHEAD.

Lobelia.

March, 18, 1895.

A great many of our citizens are adopting the maxim, "A penny saved is two pence clear" and are preparing to save some money by making some maple sugar.

Mr. Samuel Kellison acts on the principle that the early bird gets the worm, and the result is, he has already made four hundred pounds of sugar.

Rev. Hamill preached his farewell sermon for this conference year at Emmanuel, on last Saturday night. His text was St. John 9: 4. "The night cometh." Bro. Hamill preached an excellent sermon, and we hope he will be sent to us next year.

The Columbian Literary Society met at Lobelia on the night of the 15th inst. and after organizing discussed the question, *Resolved*, "That man is always justifiable in murder in self defense." The question for discussion on the evening of the 23rd inst. is *Resolved*, "That anticipation affords greater pleasure than possession."

People generally speaking of the "times" have not much good to say now; but it is not so said of the POCAHONTAS TIMES, for that is a visitor always welcomed. B.

Green Bank.

We have had an equinoctial storm on last Sunday, with a little snow.

Mr. Guss Eskridge, of Academy, was in this vicinity last Sunday.

Miss Nora E. Riley, will on next Tuesday, start for Mt. Clinton, Va., to attend school a session, which is a good move.

Rev. J. A. Taylor was in our town awhile last week.

Mr. John G. Sutton is suffering intense agony with a cancer on his face, at this time.

Died: at his home near Top of Alleghany, on the 15th inst. of cancer, Mr. David Wilfong; after three years suffering.

Rev. E. F. Alexander preached a very good sermon at Liberty last Sunday, from Eph. 1: latter part of 4 verse.

Rev. Howard, the Presbyterian evangelist, is expected to hold a series of meetings at Liberty church about June.

Rev. C. L. Potter left here yesterday for conference, which meets in Washington D. C. on the 27th inst.

Mr. W. A. Gladwell and wife made a trip to McDowell, Virginia, this week.

Mr. J. W. Oliver started to Staunton with a wagon last Tuesday. Messrs G. D. Oliver & Bros' wagon got in from Beverly last week, having been gone since December.

Mr. J. P. Wooddell started for his wagon Tuesday, which has been at Laurel Fork since December, for a load of goods. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
Ready to spin, while the clock beats true
Tide and seasons for me and you.
And tick-tick-tick goes the mighty clock
While time swings on below.
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tick to and fro.

The gray willow in coat of fur;
A sweet pink rose in the wind set;
A maple leaf with a crimson blush;
Then falling snowflakes, and winter's hush—
While tick-tick-tick goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below.
Padding—padding; shivering—shivering—
With a tick-tick to and fro.

A little song when the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad;
Whether the shadows or sunshine fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at last for all,
While tick-tick-tick goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below.
Smiling—smiling; singing—singing—
With a tick-tick to and fro.

So this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the key
Is the same that holdeth you and me,
While tick-tick-tick goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below.
Now left—now right; now day—now night,
With a tick-tick to and fro.
—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

BY EDSON KEMP.



NE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the Palmer House in Chicago, telling stories.

A mong them was a grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony, who had a curious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and down upon his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long ago.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the Western delegates said to him:

"Come, Brother Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

The Old Colony man colored a little and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I hadn't had the scar more'n about a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch.

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woody, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, crossing and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time.

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get you out of my cab and onto the Flying Dude; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the east shore of Buzzard's Bay.

"By the hour I mentioned the Dude should have been at Wood's Holl, her run made; but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same hot box began to smoke again, hotter than fire.

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Dude had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Dude's rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks down to Falmouth,

and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the swells who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Dude.

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on that train; but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified.

"Well, Jimmy set out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there.

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Dude standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance.

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure.

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way.

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either.

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared.

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend.

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well.

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist.

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage.

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up.

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop.

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake.

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious!' he

managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

"'Somebody hit me,' says I; 'I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas.' 'I threw my lantern at you,' says he, as cool as a frog.

"'You did!' says I; 'well, what did you do that for?'

"'To keep you from running into the Dude,' says he.

"By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the fireman were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again, and I didn't know any too well what was going on.

"But by the time the conductor and train hands and about two thirds of the passengers had come swarming around, I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express, slowly.

"Jimmy, he was full of apologies to me. 'My goodness,' says he, 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you, but I was bound to stop you anyway.'

"'That's so,' says I. 'Don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"'I wish some of your fellows would lend me a lantern,' says he.

"'I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me.

"'What's the matter?' says I. 'Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?'

"'I'd rather go back with one,' says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business.

"But of course it came out, because, though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up.

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't.

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out.

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man.

"He's still braking on the Flying Dude. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Yonah's Companion.

The Tide Turning South.

"Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" B. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad. "The people in those States are discontented and are moving away. They do not want to settle in Kansas or Arkansas or Texas, where so many of their friends used to go. If Georgia only had some literature descriptive of her resources, it would attract thousands of good, honest, hardworking people of the agricultural and mechanical classes. The tide of emigration is now setting toward Tennessee, which State issued, probably a year ago, one of the most complete books on its resources that any State has ever got out. That book catches a possible immigrant as soon as he examines it. If our State will just let the world know what we have in the way of climate, soil, minerals, woods, water power and that sort of thing our uncultivated and low-priced lands will soon be in demand and the taxable property of the State will increase in value a hundred million dollars in a few years."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fine Funeral of a Pet Pug.

Paris is laughing over the extravagant funeral of the pet dog of an American family residing in the gay capital. The body was placed in two caskets, one of oak, the other leaden, conveyed in a hearse covered with flowers to Vaucluse, and there buried. A number of mourners in carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery, and a monument costing \$300 was erected over the grave, the total expenditure for the funeral amounting to over \$500. —Chicago Herald.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumgartner apparatus. The results obtained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam producing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured. —New York Advertiser.

LOADING A CATTLE SHIP.

A CIRCUS LIKELY TO FORM PART OF THE PROCEEDING.

Wild Cattle That Will Do Anything Except Go on Board—Occasional Chases in the Water.

THE Le Farge, belonging to the Jersey City Central stock yards, lay alongside a White Star liner bound for Liverpool, says the New York Sun. Three or four hundred cattle had already been transferred to the hold of the steamer and had made but slight objection to the process, the gangplank being almost level. The remainder of the herd were to be accommodated on the steamer's upper deck, to be "saloon passengers," as one of the ocean drovers remarked, and getting them up into their elevated quarters was the topic under consideration.

The steep ascent being pronounced impracticable, and other gangways with which it was proposed to reduce the grade being condemned as too weak, the upper end of the gangway was lowered with ropes some distance below the deck, so that it was at an angle of about forty-five degrees. High board sides were affixed to prevent the cattle from jumping overboard, and up this steep incline the cattle were forced, reaching the deck by a jump from the end of the gangway. There was much protest in the way of bellowing.

Two monstrous bullocks, one a dark red with a broken horn, the other dappled with white, were first to arrive at the end of the gangway. They looked up anxiously, and then turned as if seeking some way of escape, but their companions were crowding thick behind them, and on either side cowboys stood urging them on with admonishing blows and shouts. In spite of themselves they were forced a short distance up the gangplank, but there they hesitated, and no amount of urging and jabbing with long poles could induce them to climb further. Their eyes had the desperate, hunted look of wild creatures at bay. The spotted white bullock advanced a step or so ahead of his companion. A cowboy, young and vigorous, whose overcoat had lost nearly all of its outside glory from repeated exploits amid such scenes, took advantage of this amiable disposition on the steer's part to give his tail a twist. This device caused the huge creature to advance a few steps higher. The bullock with the broken horn stood rooted to the spot. He lifted his head and looked over the side of gangway as if contemplating a leap overboard. Then he turned and looked back, and seemed determined to do anything rather than climb to those unknown regions above. One of the steamer's crew put some hay temptingly at the top of the passage. The cowboy tweaked again at his victim's tail, the others shouted like madmen and waved their long poles, and the spotted white steer sprang forward in desperation and almost gained the top of the gangway. The long poles were dug into his panting sides. He made a mighty effort and grabbed a mouthful of the hay. More blows, more cheers, and, after pausing irresolutely for another moment, he made the final leap up onto the deck.

In the meantime no amount of coaxing, poking or pushing could induce the red steer to stir. Again and again he looked over into the water as if meditating a leap. The prowess of his companion only seemed to convince him of the impossibility of his doing likewise. He glanced around in terror, then, undeterred by the crowding horns at the foot of the passage, he turned in some indescribable way, though the space seemed much too narrow for him, and dashed down among his companions to seek his old quarters.

The men let him go and devoted their attention to the others. Now that one steer had scrambled up the steep incline it was not so difficult to persuade the rest to follow his example, particularly with fresh wisps of hay as inducements. Some proved intractable, and, after scrambling partly up the gangway, retraced their steps, and created panic among their fellows waiting at the foot. The cowboys did not permit these to have their own way, as did the red steer. They seized them by the horns and forced them to turn and again essay the difficult passage. The red-checked cowboy, whose tattered coat attested his valor, was particularly efficient in managing the rebellious spirits among the herd.

"That's Dave Erricon. He's a rare hand with the cattle," commented the Captain. "One night, when we were loading further up the river, and had a particularly wild lot of Colorado to deal with, two bullocks jumped overboard. Quick as a flash, Dave was over after them. He straddled the back of the nearest one, got hold of his horns, used them as a rudder, and steered that steer exactly where he wanted him to go. We got them both back, and it was a pitch dark night, too."

"Cattle swim well, don't they?" asked the reporter.

"Swim splendidly. If the weather is hot and they happen to be thirsty they would just as lief jump overboard as not. They're not as silly as sheep, though. When we're loading

sheep, if one jumps over into the water the whole business follows whether they want to or not. That's their nature."

"Are the cattle ever seasick when there's a heavy sea on?" asked the reporter.

"No, never. I never knew one of them to refuse its food. Horses get seasick, but not cattle. Sometimes when there's a big storm all the compartments that restrain the cattle, and the railings to which they are tied, are washed away. Then the ocean drovers have work trying to keep them in order. Sometimes everything is washed away, and cattle and all go to the bottom; but the owners don't care, because each bullock is fully insured as soon as it leaves the stock yard."

Every one of the cattle destined for shipment is inspected at the stock yard by a United States Inspector, and has a numbered metal tag inserted in the right ear. This is a matter of courtesy to the English Government, and to certify that the cattle are sound.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The demand for farms in Matabeland, South Africa, continues to be in excess of the supply.

Egyptian lamps, dating, it is believed, from 3000 B. C., have been discovered in the catacombs along the Nile.

The French claim that gas-making was invented by Lebon, in 1802, who made gas by the dry distillation of wood.

In 1300 splinters dipped in oil were used in England and France to furnish light for guests retiring to their rooms.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.

A Maine physician certified that one of his late patients "died of old age, and that said disease is not contagious."

Although "Robinson Crusoe" was written 175 years ago, it is, and probably always will be, a classic for the children.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano from no fewer than sixteen countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

A tramp dog caught a burglar in Annunciation Church, New York City, on a recent Sunday evening, and held him until the police came to take charge of him.

E. W. Abbott, of Elkton, Me., says that if his dog isn't the biggest in the country he wants to know whose dog is. The beast is thirty-three inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

It is said that Rubinstein owed his musical success largely to his personal magnetism, under the spell of which his auditors did not feel the false chords, which he frequently struck.

In the Sheriff's court at Berlin, Germany, the other day fifty-six cases occupied the judge from 10 o'clock in the morning until 1.30 in the afternoon, or an average of about four minutes for each case.

At Baden-Baden, the celebrated spa and summering resort, the municipality has restored and put into order Roman baths that were dug out in one of the parks. They were in good shape except the hypocaustum, and are now accessible.

The Sheriff of New York gives a bond of \$100,000 and his sureties must qualify in double the amount, or \$200,000. The Under Sheriff's bond is \$50,000, and his sureties must qualify in double. The deputy sheriffs give bonds in \$25,000; their sureties qualify in double.

The Duke of Athol has twenty-three titles, the Duke of Hamilton seventeen, the Dukes of Argyll and Buccleugh each sixteen, the Marquis of Bute fifteen, and the Duke of Abercorn thirteen. The Duke of Richmond has only nine, but three of them are dukedoms in Great Britain and one in France.

A portrait in oil of Peter the Great, believed to be the finest in existence, was discovered lately by an English traveler in a small village in Russia. He had stepped into a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea, when he saw the picture hanging on the wall, framed in a tea tray, the edges of which were folded over the canvas, and bought it for a few shillings.

A Great Painter's Masterpiece.

Stupendous as are the dimensions of many pictures exhibited year by year on the walls of the popular galleries, and which would seem to appeal for attention more by reason of their quantity than of their quality, it is interesting to remember that Meissonier's little masterpiece commonly known in France as "The Five-Franc Piece," and representing two men discussing the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, the whole being painted with the greatest accuracy and finish on a surface smaller than that of a five-shilling piece, is yet valued at close on \$5000. The precious little picture was painted by the great artist for a wager in a few hours. —Cincinnati Commercial.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NERVE WAS TORTURE.

Presented by the Ladies' Association—Phonograph Record by Mrs. Cook.

(From the City of New York, New York.)
Mrs. Helen Meyer, whose home is at 1815 Avenue A, New York, and whose visit to Kew-Forest, N. Y., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it too."

"My nervous system sustained a great shock some three years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up my pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortune my complexion underwent a change and I looked as yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all."

"My doctor, said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, 'unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover.' So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills was what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Kew-Forest for it had not been for Pink Pills brought from a Kew-Forest I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

If the present rate keeps up, all the men will finally be lawyers, and all the women stenographers.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

New York has 1,000 Chinese laundries.

A Gloomy Outlook

is that of the dyspeptic, but his face will brighten when he knows that Ripans Tablets cure that terrible disorder and will make him a cheerful and happy man.

In certain Prussian restaurants a shilling is charged for the use of the table-cloth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Of all the royal arms of Europe those of Great Britain and Ireland are the most complicated.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

Mexico has a palque famine.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cts. a bottle.

Tasmania boasts diamonds.

I believe Piso's Cure for Constipation saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALICE DOUGLAS, Le Roy, Mich., October 20, 1894.

Molasses is made from maize.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 50c per bottle.

Scrofulous Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing the impurities in the blood.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. No.

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WATER CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. Send for full particulars. Free. Send for full particulars. Free. Send for full particulars. Free.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SALAD DRESSING THAT NEVER FAILS.

One teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, yolks of two eggs (raw). Mix thoroughly and stir in slowly, drop or two at a time, one cup of the very best sweet oil; then add cider vinegar to taste. When finished it is a thick white cream. The juice of a lemon makes it extra nice.—New York Recorder.

CAKE CROQUETTES.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for cake croquettes calls for sufficient stale cake that when rubbed between the hands will produce one pint of crumbs. Cover this with about a half pint of milk and soak for twenty minutes. Turn into a saucepan and stir over the fire until thick and boiling hot. Add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool. When cold form into pyramids, dip in egg, and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. They may also be served with a liquid pudding sauce.—New York Times.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter as for pan cakes, using three cups of flour, five beaten eggs, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls.—American Agriculturist.

VEAL CURRY.

Cut up about two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put them into a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and stir them about till lightly browned; then stir in a good tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Add a pint of water and the veal, season with salt, stir around two or three times to mix thoroughly and cook gently an hour and a half, or until the veal is perfectly tender. Add the juice of half a lemon and stir it around very gently. Turn the curry on a hot dish and serve with a border of rice.—Boston Cultivator.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.

Put a pint of stale bread and a pint of milk into a deep bowl, and after covering let them stand over night in a warm place. In the morning rub through a colander and add to the mixture a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda (previously dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cold water), one cupful of flour and two eggs beaten well. If you choose you may also add a light grating of nutmeg, and should you have a few spoonfuls of sour cream the cakes will be improved by using it at this point. It takes more time to fry these cakes than the plain flour griddle-cakes.—New York World.

POP CORN Dainties.

Corn pops easily and nicely if the popper is passed gently over the lids of the stove, where there is a bright fire.

Corn Balls.—For eight quarts of popped corn take one cup molasses, half a cup of sugar and a small piece of butter; boil until it hardens in water (not brittle), then mix with corn and make into balls.

Sugared Corn.—For eight quarts of popped corn take one pound of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of water; boil until the syrup "strings" or forms soft ball in water; flavor and pour over corn, and stir with wooden spoon until the syrup sugars.—New York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Once a month is often enough for a dry shampoo. Too much washing is not good for the hair that inclines to be dry.

In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven. The steam will keep the crust smooth and tender.

The merest dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a piquant and undistinguishable flavor.

Much of the heavy cake and bread is the result of the oven door being banged when closed. Close the door as gently as possible.

Wear well fitting shoes about the housework. They will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers that are supposed to be worn for comfort.

If the children have no appetite in the morning insist on each drinking a glass of hot milk, salted. Do not allow them to go to school without food.

When you wish to use very dry bread for any purpose, soak it in cold milk or water instead of having them hot. The hot fluids seem to take the life out of dry bread and renders it soggy; the cold soaking leaves it flaky.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive of sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.



A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Case Altered.

The sort of sentiment which the French system of marriages de convenience, or in plain English, of marriage for money, produces is well illustrated by a story which a French paper tells.

Marie, a young lady, announces to her parents that she has accepted the hand of Monsieur X.
"Child, you are crazy!" exclaims Marie's mother.
"But why, mamma?"
"Young X will have no money for many years, because it all belongs to his grandfather, and after that comes his father, and you will be old before you get at the property."
"But, mamma—"
"No buts about it—you are a bad and undutiful child!"
"But, mamma, it is the grandfather whom I've accepted!"
"The grandfather! Oh, you little angel!"

All the Same.

"Many days you have lingered about my cabin door; hard times, hard times come again no more." All the same Merry Christmas and Happy New Year passed as though the land was flowing with milk and honey. Some bought one thing and some bought another, but one of the best investments for a small sum paid well. It was not for a Christmas bash, but thousands got it and thousands who had suffered long and wearily with rheumatism were made doubly happy in being cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It leaves no trace behind, and all the same, the harder times will come no more to them. The luxury of health is worth a fortune.

Paper plates are used in some German restaurants.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

More than 20 villages in Italy are in ruins owing to the recent earthquakes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York. Pills, 10c. and 25c. a box.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

"The Best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitations of and Substitutes for

SAPOLIO

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood, creates solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is for all

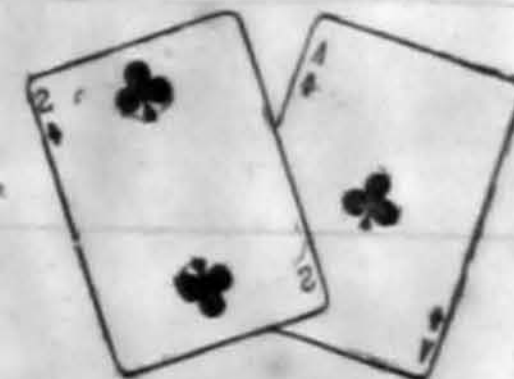
Wasting Diseases

like Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Marasmus, or for Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as Nourishment for Babies and Growing Children.

Buy only the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.



The comparative value of these two cards is known to most persons. They illustrate that greater quantity is not always most to be desired.

These cards express the beneficial quality of

Ripans • Tabules

As compared with any previously known DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ripans Tablets: Price, 50 cents a box. Of druggists, or by mail.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

W. L. Douglas \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. FOR THE KING. \$5. CORDOVAN. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.40 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. \$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.50-4.75. BEST GONOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BOSTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS. Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS. In Europe and America.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

\$8.00

Size of
Picture
3 1/2 x 5 1/2 in.
Weight
21 oz.



THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time.
It's a repeater too; shoots in times and can be
Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic
shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases
the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous.
Adjustable lens. Handmade finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instru-
ment, explains its operation and tells how to finish
the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you
prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

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PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,

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Drugs, Paints and Oils,

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Prescriptions carefully compound-
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We invite everybody and promise
close prices and polite attention.
At E. A. Smith & Son's Old
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FEED, LIVERY

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SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
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J. H. G. WILSON
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FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1859.
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction
of Main Street and Dusty Ave-
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MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
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Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or
month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
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In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling
out of sorts, weak
and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
have no appetite
and can't work,
begin at once tak-
ing the most reli-
able strengthening
medicine, which is
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very first dose—if
you don't state your
trouble, and it's
pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuritis, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
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Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper. All others are sub-
stitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we
will send set of Ten Beautiful World's
Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county mak-
ing Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to
eat, and lay in your season's
supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good
and you will price goods to
your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters
are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give
the public the means of buying
everything in the grocery
line. Orders from a dis-
tance given special
attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed
in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-
LARS, HARDWARE, and
TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock
of latest and best designs, and
coffins can be furnished on short-
est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crum-
mett, who is employed by the firm.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains
unpaid, must make preparations to
settle on my next call or give me
property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Letter From Texas.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

Thinking that a few jottings
from the Lone Star State might be
of interest to some of your readers,
and as I was once a citizen of your
county, will give you a few points
from this part of the moral vineyard.
Cornplanting is the order of the
day at present. Farmers are very
busy on account of the late back-
ward spring. The past winter has
been one of the hardest that Texas
has experienced for many years,
though it would have been a very
mild winter indeed for a Pocahontas
native. Texans think a little
freezing, a few frosts, and a little
snow just simply dreadful. One
fellow says that for three weeks his
feet was near zero all the time, and
had blown his nose until he had a
gum boil on the end of it. But
spring is opening up nicely now
and we hear no more growling
about cold weather. This is strictly
a farming country; almost all
kinds of grain grow well, and cot-
ton to perfection. There is more
cotton cultivated in Texas than
any thing else, but on account of
the low price of cotton last year,
the cotton acreage will be greatly
reduced this year. I do not like
raising cotton. Prefer raising
corn and feeding it to hogs, as I
think I can realize more clear mon-
ey in that way than any other,
though W. P. Shiplet, formerly of
Huntersville, Pocahontas county,
now of Waxahachie Tex. says cot-
ton is the most profitable thing he
can grow on a farm. By the way,
Pat has been very successful here
and thinks Texas the best country
on earth, and it seems to be for
him financially speaking, but it
does not improve his looks one par-
ticle, he is just as ugly as ever ex-
cepting his nose, which sunburns
until it is a beautiful red.

Texas grows most all kinds of
fruit except cherries. Apples will
not grow on what is termed black-
waxy soil, because it contains so
much alkali that the tree will
live but a short while. Vegetables
as a general thing do well, and the
parts of the prairie that are not cul-
tivated are just covered with wild
flowers of numerous varieties.
Yet while there is "no place like
home" and especially amid pleas-
ant surroundings our mind will
sometime carry us back to old W.
Va., even to Pocahontas, and we
think of the many pleasant hours
we have spent among her hills in
"days of auld lang syne."

M. W. BEARD,
Hellenville, Ellis county, Texas.

On the day of the adjournment
of the Indiana Legislature five
minutes before 12 o'clock, the Sec-
retary of the Governor tried to
reach the Speaker of the House
with a veto from the Governor.
The Democratic members pushed
the Secretary forward inch by inch
the Republican members fighting
back the whole time. The Demo-
crats made the goal just as the
Speaker adjourned the meeting.
He refused to read or recognize
the veto.

A SPECIAL election is ordered to
be held in the Fork Lick district
of Webster County on April 9th,
for the purpose of issuing \$15,000
in bonds as a subscription to a
railroad company formed to build
a railroad from Pickens to Addison.
The condition is that the road
shall be completed by January 1st
1897.

As a prominent candidate for
Governor next year on the Demo-
cratic side, Hon. Andrew Edmis-
ton, of Weston, is most prominent-
ly mentioned by the press. The
Edmiston of Lewis County went
there from Pocahontas.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere. Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th,
1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia stu-
dents.

Boarding, washing, and lodging,
\$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information
apply to
J. D. SWERNY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO., W. VA.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Erwin,
Oswego, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are true to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All
High Graeds

Warranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:
GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to
tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it
weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold
this year and last (and you know that is a right good
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is
High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however
Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate
er, weight 22 lbs. . \$85. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.
Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Chances of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 35.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk of Circuit Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk of Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co. Court, C. E. Beard.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, H. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dummore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lebelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED AT
FRONT, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

Did it ever occur to you that the Democratic party was at the present time wholly without idols in the way of leaders? We have the grand old Democratic principles to comfort us. We feel assured when we think of the party as the one which is composed of free men who will not submit to any domination by the men they put into power. We feel that in our party each man is equal, and that the party is composed and held together by the sure knowledge that they are allowed to exercise their right as free agents, the sovereigns of the land. But if the question were asked who are our gods, we would find it hard to name a single man in whom the whole party places implicit confidence. We certainly are no singleman worshippers. It would be better for the success of the party if we were. If we could bow down and call one man infallible, instead of acknowledging his fallibility when he makes mistakes, it might be soothing to our proud and haughty spirits, but it would be to borrow the plan of the Republican party, who aim to keep up appearances though the heavens fall. We demand of our leaders direct and immediate accountability to the people, and when they fail in this they fall from our good graces forever. Four years ago we had any number of bright stars in the political firmament. Cleveland was worshipped as the man who had held a Republican Congress down, and who was expected to do many wonders when he got the chance. Carlisle, Gorman, Springer, Wilson, Hill and company were expected to revolutionize the government when they had the opportunity. We put them all in one little Congress together, and they were not great enough to keep down discord. Now we do not see any of them glorified to any great degree by their independent party. The Republican party has Reed, McKinley, Ben Harrison, Belzebub, and the rest, and "what they do is right if it aint right," but with us it is different. We want men who will carry into effect those safe and fair principles of Democracy which cannot be obliterated. It looks as though we needed to have a man raised up for this purpose. Perhaps a year from now, when we are in the first bloom of the campaign of '96, we may have found him, but unless we do find the right man to lead us to victory, we had as well retire from the field first as last.

ONE of the most famous books of its time was Uncle Tom's Cabin which appeared about 1854 and did much to prepare our people for the war between the States. It was once the author's pride, but recent intelligence is to the effect that Mrs. Stowe cannot bear to have it referred to. It is believed the story would have fallen out of mind soon as read had it not been for the personality of Frederick Douglass. Wherever he spoke people believed that Jim Crow and thousands of others were embryo Fredericks, and must be rescued, and their splendid abilities secured and saved for the use of our common humanity.

THE Morning Advertiser demands an explanation from Spain for the firing on the American flag off the coast of Cuba, and adds, "CUBA little quick about it too."

THE NEW LAW.

WE have thought it advisable to print in full Senate Bill No. 48, so that our readers may see the exact words which make so great a change in the former law. This bill took effect February 20th, 1895. The defect it is meant to remedy is that it enables a man to borrow money on unencumbered property. Heretofore it was no sign that you were safe in lending money to a man on a piece of land to find that there was nothing in the Clerk's office recorded as a lien or encumbrance on such land. You had to go still further. You had to know that the man to whom you were lending the money did not owe more than he could pay. If he did owe in this degree and was insolvent, then the lien you took for your bona fide loan was worth nothing to you, for the other creditors could come in, prove the insolvency, and make use of the lien which was to accrue to the benefit of all. This worked a great evil. Men with money did not care to risk lending it when they could not tell from the county records whether they were safe or not. They never could have felt safe unless they had employed a private detective to find out how the borrower stood with the world. This very law wrecked a number of men during the few years of its existence. In some cases the business men had to assign because they could not raise a loan on their security, and in other cases, capitalists have lent their money to a merchant, who used it to liquidate a number of his debts, probably, but was not able to clear himself, and became bankrupt, and those capitalists whose money had gone to the creditors at large, found that they must come in and take pro rata with all the multitude of creditors, who had dealt with the insolvent debtor for profit, and who had been negligent and not taken the trouble to secure themselves. This law makes it possible to secure a bona fide loan, and interprets and clears up other parts of the section:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

1. That section 2 of chapter 74 of the code of West Virginia, as amended and re-enacted by chapter 123 of the Acts of 1891, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

2. In this section the word "transfer" shall be taken to include every gift, sale, conveyance, and assignment, and the word "charge" shall be taken to include every confessed judgment, deed of trust, mortgage, lien, and incumbrance. Every transfer or charge which is not upon consideration deemed valuable in law, shall be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted at the time it was made; but shall not upon that account merely be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted, or as to purchasers who shall have purchased after it was made; and though it be decreed to be void as to a prior creditor, because voluntary, it shall not for that cause be decreed to be void as to subsequent creditors or purchasers. Every transfer or charge made by an insolvent debtor or attempting to prefer any creditor of such insolvent debtor or to secure such a creditor or any surety or indorser for a debt to the exclusion or prejudice of any other creditor, shall be void as to such preference or security, but shall be taken to be for the benefit of all creditors of such debtor, and all the property so attempted to be transferred or charged shall be applied and paid pro rata upon all

the debts owed by such debtor the time such transfer or charge is made; Provided, that any such transfer or charge by an insolvent debtor shall be valid as to such preference or priority unless a creditor of such insolvent debtor shall institute a suit in chancery within one year after such transfer or charge was made to set aside and avoid the same and cause the property so transferred or charged to be applied toward the payment pro rata of all the debts of such insolvent debtor existing at the time such transfer or charge is made, subject, however, to the provision hereinafter contained with reference to creditors uniting in such a suit and contributing to the expenses thereof. But if such transfer or charge be admitted to record within eight months after it is made, then such suit to be availing must be brought within four months after such transfer or charge was admitted to record. Every such suit shall be deemed to be brought in behalf of the plaintiff and all other creditors of such insolvent debtor, but the creditor instituting such suit or proceeding, together with all creditors of such insolvent debtor who shall come into the suit and unite with the plaintiff before final decree, and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, shall be entitled to have their claims first paid in full pro rata out of the property so transferred or charged in preference to any creditor of such debtor who shall before final decree decline or fail to so unite and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, but not in preference to such creditor as may attempt to sustain the preference given him by such transfer or charge; Provided, further, that nothing in this section shall be taken to prevent the making of a preference as security for the payment of purchase money or a bona fide loan of money or other bona fide debt contracted at the time such transfer or charge was made or as security for one who at the time of such transfer or charge becomes an indorser or surety for the payment of money then borrowed; Provided, further, that nothing in this section contained shall be taken to affect any transfer of bonds, notes, stocks, securities, or other evidences of debt in payment of or as collateral security for the payment of a bona fide debt or to secure any indorser or surety, whether such transfer is made at the time such debt is contracted or indorsement made or for the payment or security of a pre-existing debt.

TRILBY is the book of the year. The author sold it to Harper Brothers for \$5,000 which was considered a lot of money for the book, but had he held on to it, it would have meant a large fortune to him. As for the book itself, you are impressed while reading it with the idea that the scenes and characters are real. The author uses the English, French and German language, very promiscuously, and in reading you are continually running into a quagmire of idiomatic French or German. The heroine, Trilby gets sick, goes into a decline and dies. So does the hero, Little Billie. It is quite remarkable how the author does on disease. He likes these diseases which lead to a painless and lingering death. Trilby dies, and so does little Billie and nothing more can be desired. This is a good book to read, it brushes you up in your modern languages, and throws you into a state of tender melancholy that is very edifying.

THE inference of modern experience is to the effect that there is nothing calls more earnestly for reform than reform itself.—The Dispatch, Richmond.

News to Us.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

A special of the 14th inst. from Monterey, Va., to the Staunton Daily News, tells the following story of a terrible outrage near Travelers' Repose, in Pocahontas county:

"Last Friday Mrs. Dora Tracy, accompanied by her little boy, went to Travelers' Repose to make some purchases at the store. It was quite late when she left the store, and the little boy, who was walking, gave out and was left by his mother at a neighbor's house, she riding on alone. When within one-half mile of her home two unknown men stepped out in the road and caught her horse by the bridle and dragged her off and took her about thirty yards into the brush and outraged her—each one repeating the dastardly act several times. After completing the terrible deed they drew pistols and said, 'We will kill you if you ever tell this.' They left her in the brush, where she was found a short time afterwards by her neighbors in an almost dying condition. The neighborhood is in a state of excitement, and if the guilty parties are found they will be summarily dealt with. Suspicion points to two certain men in the vicinity. "This terrible outrage occurred within a few miles of the scene of the Ham Collins murder. Mrs. Tracy is a respectable middle-aged widow lady, her husband having been shot a few years ago by David Bright."

If there has been an occurrence of this kind it has been kept very quiet, and it has not been reported at the county seat.

Astronomical.

The Lunar eclipse March 10th, was observed with special interest by astronomers in its bearings upon the question whether the light that prevents the moon from becoming invisible is reflected light or radiated light. Should it appear that this body radiates light instead of reflecting, it will be news to us older people, who have always regarded the moon as shining with borrowed light.

April 12th, Good Friday, another interesting event is looked for, that will be something towards making the current year a historical year, not only from astronomical consideration, but also from a religious point of view. The planets that move around the sun, will be precisely in the same position they occupied in the skies, the day Jesus was crucified. It is the first occurrence of the kind that has happened since Christ died on the cross, just eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago. At about half past ten on the night of the 11th of April, the moon will hide the constellation of the Virgin for more than an hour.

Conference Appointments.

The Virginia Conference, of the M. E. Church, which met at Ronceverte last Tuesday and adjourned Sunday night, made the following appointments for this—

Greenbrier District.—D. C. Hedrick, P. E. Augusta and Rockingham, G. P. Hannah; Edray, W. A. Sharp; Greenbrier, S. C. Morgan; Monroe, J. Halpenny; Pocahontas, C. M. Fultz; Highland, Remus Clark; Rich Patch, C. M. Neff; Paint Bank, J. D. Mays; Forest Hill, C. B. Mays; Pendleton and Circleville, S. L. Gilmer and John Adamson; Ronceverte, to be supplied.

The next Conference will meet at Chesapeake, Va.—Greenbrier Independent.

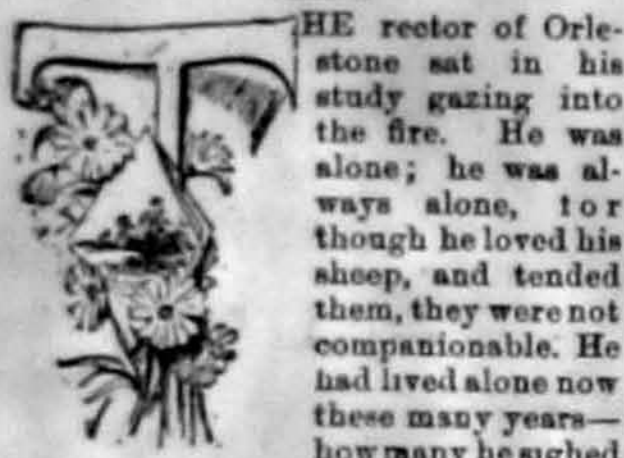
There is a phenomenally large number of men in this country whose incomes are \$3,000 and less.

In spite of her boasted independence, in nine cases out of ten, the new woman couldn't get along without the old man.—Exchange.

EVENING SONG

Oh, I am thinking of the current of cool water that is swirling,
The blossoms of the lilacs in the rill,
And the mocking birds a-singing, ever singing,
In the bushes on the border of the hill,
I am dreaming of my mother's face, the glory of my childhood,
And my father dear, so stalwart and so strong,
And the little cabin home that he builded in the wilderness,
In the country of fair weather and sweet song.
Oh, the sky, I feel its wonder, and the sun, I feel its splendor,
And nectar-rich the waft down the dell,
While the lowing of the cattle sounds so far away and tender,
And the bleating of the sheep along the fell,
Long, long the way and weary that I've wandered from my mother
And my father in the lowly cabin home;
Now I'm going back to see them, and our lips to one another
Will be better than the honey in the comb.
Oh, mocking birds! Sing louder in the trings of the wilderness,
I am coming, fast as dream can flow along,
Across the lonely desert to the Eden of my childhood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet song.
—Maurice Thompson, in Independent.

THE RECTOR OF ORLESTONE



HE rector of Orlestone sat in his study gazing into the fire. He was alone; he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many he could not remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately; so passionately that honor and his plight—ed word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with a gentle girl he was engaged to marry. And then he had found out that his passion's queen had not the least intention of marrying him. As he looked in the fire this October evening he remembered so well how she had told him that on which he had staked his whole life's treasure could never be.

"I must marry a rich man," she had said, "for my poor father's sake," with tears and many kisses she had said it, and he, with kisses and the tears, the heart bleeds in solitude, had believed her.

It was many years now since he had left behind him the world that held her, and had accepted the rectory of Orlestone, with its miserable £150 a year. And still of nights, when the curtains were drawn and the wind outside was wild in the laurels and cypresses, when the bare, thorny road sprays tapped at the window like bony fingers, he sat by his fire and thought of the woman he had loved, and loved still. He had her portrait in the secret drawer of his shabby old writing desk—the one that had been his father's. And sometimes he would take out the portrait—the bright girlish face—and look at it, sigh, and yet with a half gladness that the knife was still sharp in the old wound.

Celia Ringwood, the woman who loved him, the woman he should have married, had told him that time would dull the pain. But time had not dulled it, and he was glad. He had given up ambition and friends and dreams, the old life and the old life's hopes to shut himself up alone with the daily plain duty—and his love memory. And if the memory had failed him, had grown dim, what would have been left of him? Celia Ringwood, in his little lonely house in the market town, thought there might be much.

He came to see her once a week and talked about the parish. Once he had been used to talk of the other woman; he did not mean to be cruel; she had taken his confession of unfaithfulness so calmly, and so gently begged to be his friend, that he at once believed she had never cared for him. But such talk was over now. He had not spoken of her now for years. Celia began to think, almost to hope. Then she looked in the glass at her faded face, her pale hair, from which all youth's colors had gone; and she sighed a sigh that was half a shudder, put on her demure bonnet and cloak and went out through the rain to see a child who was ill, because that was her only case for her heartache.

Miss Celia Ringwood was washing up the breakfast things—not, as all genteel people in stories seem to do, in the parlor, but in a workmanlike manner in the back kitchen. She had just hung up the tea cloth to dry, when her heart stood still, and then began to beat violently. At thirty-eight one's heart can beat just as quickly as it can at eighteen, and much more plainly, if one hears a certain footstep on the threshold or a certain hand on the door-knocker. "Good morning, James," she said softly. "This is an unusual and

pleasant surprise." Some of the light still lingered on her face, but the rector did not observe it; his own thin face was slightly flushed, and his gray eyes were shining.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She led him into the little parlor—spotlessly neat. Miss Celia instinctively turned the blind so that the sunshine should not fade the carpet, and said: "Well?"

"You've always been such a true friend to me," he said nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.

"Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me there was nothing left in life but duty and the blessed light in the life to come. But now—oh, Celia—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her again to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.

"Yes, of course," he said simply. Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountdew is very rich. People will say—she might think—"

"You don't know Eva Mountdew," he said, proudly.

Celia was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She held his thin hand a moment between her soft palms and looked at him wistfully.

"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Celia," he answered—and some faint subconscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—

"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," she said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.

"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.

"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it's fair. I'm old, you set, and I have grown dull. It is rather like offering her the dry husk of—"

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."

"You are unjust," he said.

"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; and be sure you come in and tell me about it. You need not be afraid because your hair is gray. If she loved you—well, good-by."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone Miss Ringwood went up to her room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing table, among the prim wool mats and the little daily text-books, and looked again at herself in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, where a dimple still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."

Then she blushed at the two feminine thoughts, and the new color in her cheeks became her so that she turned away from the glass in confusion.

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old any one was if he loved them."

Then the pretty color faded quite away, and Miss Ringwood went slowly downstairs to cut out petticoats for the Dorcas meeting that afternoon.

For four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrows to her always; surely he would bring his joy, too. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that while yet it was in the postman's hands, for she had been watching at the window, and had to run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date and "Honored Madam"—"but master is very bad, and he says 'No doctors.' He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over you might persuade him for his good. Your obedient command, Emma Wellings."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "oh once."

The shortest way to the rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood took it. She hurried on through the hazy, sweet air, devoured by a burn-

ing anxiety that consumed all self-consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the rectory above the laurels and cypresses she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture.

The housekeeper opened the door. "How is he?" Celia had to clear her throat twice before the words would come.

"But poorly," the woman answered.

"He was out up at the hall Tuesday; and all day Wednesday walking the wet woods, as I well know by the state his boots was in. And then he coughs all night, he does, and the next morning he sends out his breakfast, and so it's gone on; and he won't let me send for the doctor—and—well, yes; p'raps it 'ud be better for you to see him at once."

Celia clenched her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realized for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked, indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm and he started and looked at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded at once. "He did not know who it was," he thought it was—some one else; she said to herself, but not bitterly.

"You are ill, and you never sent for me. And you never came as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.

"I could not," he spoke hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."

"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef tea and things."

His brows contracted. "Now, Celia, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The griefed look in her eyes stopped him.

"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Celia, I want to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow. She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the person about her pew, and sent for him as she sends for anything else she wants! She did not know me at first, and—when she did, I have thrown away life, and youth, and hope, and love, everything, everything, for the sake of a woman who never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James!" she said. She had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all our poor people; you still have them to live for."

"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone and it looks such a long way to the end."

"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.

"I don't know; I didn't realize before that is why I couldn't come to you. Oh, Celia, you don't know—I didn't know till just now—all that you've been to me all these years, and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at my side all these long, long years, for you did love me once, didn't you, Celia?"

She was silent.

"At least," he went on hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."

"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth, faded hair.

"You didn't mean—why, Celia, my dear, my dear!"

For her arms were round his neck, and her face against his, and for that one good minute the long years of sorrow seemed not too heavy a price.

"And now," said Miss Ringwood, lifting from his shoulder a face that had grown young and pretty again—"and now perhaps you will take the beef tea!"—Quiver.

The Sample Was A.I. Right.

As Burton, the comedian, was traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it up on his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."—Detroit Free Press.

The Most Valuable Stone.

Beyond all question the ruby stands supreme as the most precious substance in the world. So many persons know, but few are aware that rubies, sapphires, Oriental amethysts and topazes are all practically the same gem. They are the corundum, or crystallized alumina, but with infinite different values. It is curious, but true, that a ruby is only a red sapphire, and a sapphire only a blue ruby.—New York Journal.

A PLACE FOR THE PEANUT.

LIKELY TO BE ADOPTED AS RATIONS FOR THE GERMAN ARMY.

European Savants Have Found Out That Cooked Peanuts Are Nutritious—Peanut Grits and Meal.

THE humble and slightly esteemed peanut is beginning to assume importance in the world. It is likely to be adopted for rations by the army of Germany, the Department of State is informed. In that country the oppressive cost of a gigantic military establishment makes demand for the cheapest possible food for soldiers. This requirement is met by the "goober," which is more nutritious than the best beefsteak and highly digestible when properly prepared.

Such, at all events, are the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Nordlinger and other German savants who have been investigating the subject. They have found that peanut "cake"—the residue after oil has been expressed from the nuts—is a highly concentrated food suitable for human beings. It is calculated to be of great value to the peasant and industrial classes of Europe, which have suffered from a long and nearly exclusive diet of bread and potatoes. Hitherto it has only been employed as forage for cattle, sheep and horses. The problem confronting the experiment scientists was to convert this crude material into a palatable, nutritious and wholesome human food, easily cooked. This they have perfectly accomplished, producing several preparations suitable for different purposes, which have already been placed on the market. One of these is peanut grits—the coarse stuff dried, purified, bolted and packed in one-pound boxes. In this form it is used for soups and cakes, or as a vegetable.

Peanut flour is similar to the grits, except that the material is ground and bolted like ordinary flour. Another preparation is in the shape of dry, light and palatable biscuits of "crackers." The new food is especially recommended for the use of persons afflicted with diabetes. Also a fairly acceptable substitute for coffee is made from peanuts.

One interesting fact ascertained by the German savants is, that peanuts raw or roasted are not nutritious at all, for the reason that the digestive functions refuse to assimilate them. It is the same way with almonds and with nuts in general. The "goober" has to be thoroughly cooked in order to be profitable as an article of diet. Boiled peanut grits, for example, are perfectly digestible, even by sick people.

For the sake of a test, peanut soup was fed to one hundred and twenty patients in a public hospital. More than half of them found the new food enjoyable, and ate it gladly whenever it was offered. Others consumed it without complaint, while about a dozen disliked it extremely, being affected with stomach-ache or vomiting after taking it. They complained that it had a rancid taste. But all threw well on it. Such being the case with invalids, some of whom were suffering with dyspepsia and other digestive weaknesses, this cheap and nutritious diet ought to be most valuable for persons in robust health—particularly for soldiers, sailors, workmen and inmates of prisons and asylums.

The German military authorities, promptly accepting the suggestion offered by the savants, have been making experiments with peanut meal and grits, served to the garrisons at Frankfurt and elsewhere. They have reported favorably to the ministry of war at Berlin, and, if further trials are equally satisfactory, the new food will be adopted as an element of the rations and "field sausage" of the army. It is likely also to find acceptance in the navy. One important quality is its sustaining power, enabling the consumer to endure much fatigue. In this particular it surpasses even the hitherto unequalled "soja bean" of China and Japan.

But the most conclusive evidence in favor of the peanut is furnished by analyses made by German chemists of high authority. They have compared it in respect to nutritive value with other food, vegetable and animal. Pease are more nutritious than beefsteak, white beans are more nutritious than pease, soja beans are more nutritious than white beans, peanuts are more nutritious than soja beans. In a pound of peanut grits there is nearly twice as much nutriment as in a pound of pease. One pound of peanut meal is nearly equal in nourishing power to three pounds of beef. Peanut meal only costs four cents a pound in bulk.—Washington Star.

An Enterprising Cat.

A studio cat in Lewiston which has once before jumped out of a three-story window had been watching an English sparrow perched on a telephone wire fifteen feet from the front window of the third story Tuesday morning. Some one opened the window and the cat sprang out like an arrow, and, seizing the bird in its mouth, clung desperately to the wire a minute and then fell. It landed right side up and ran off with the bird.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

DO YOU WANT?

Do you want some real estate,
Or a box of paper collars?
Do you lack a chicken coop
Or a pocketful of dollars?
Make an ad—make an ad.

Do you want a billiard goat?
Would you sell a house and lot?
Want to rent a lumber yard
Or a tea or coffee pot?
Make an ad—make an ad.

Have you got a horse to trade,
Or a stovepipe, or a bell,
Or a gold mine, or a store,
Or a block of stock to sell?
Make an ad—make an ad.
—Printers' Ink.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never try to make game of a tame duck.

A long head is a great help in preventing a long face.

Put a beggar on horseback and he'll run into debt.—Puck.

Charity covers a multitude of sins; justice uncovers them.

No one has as much money as people imagine.—Atchison Globe.

Of all the sad words to scribble on cranks, the saddest are these: "Declined with thanks."

—Truth.

A word to the wise is sufficient—especially if they have chips on their shoulders.

She—"Do you believe marriage is a mistake?" He—"No; I am a bachelor."—Puck.

Some "jokes" are so utterly bad that they are actually good.—New York Tribune.

Gushing is excusable in immature girls and oil wells.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Kitty—"Oh, Mr. Flirtly is so tender, isn't he?" Judith—"Yes—pretender."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Elsie will take her millionnaire for better or worse?" "No; for more or less."—Puck.

Never judge a man by the clothes he wears; form your estimate from the clothes his wife wears.—Puck.

The man who has attained a high position must not think himself exempt from the force of gravitation.

One of the sweetest things in neckties is a true love knot made by the girl's own hands.—Philadelphia Times.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the moments speed away,
In a manner far too rapid
When we have a note to pay.
—Detroit Free Press.

The man with nobody to care for is quite as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.—Galveston News.

When a man makes a success of anything, the conceit of other men is so great that they think they can do just as well.—Atchison Globe.

When man begins to climb too fast
With all his heart and soul,
Invariably he finds at last
He's climbed into a hole.

If you could condense the wisdom of ages into a single short sentence, you couldn't get a young man to remember it for five minutes after he starts out in the world.—Puck.

"This shape doesn't seem to be as becoming as a small hat; do you think so?" Milliner—"Oh, my, yes. You can't see how much of your face it covers up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I knocked at the door of her gentle heart,
Which I had so longed to win,
And she came in response to my timid knock,
But she never asked me in.
—Detroit Free Press.

Harry—"Do you enjoy the idea of marrying a man reputed to be as miserly as your fiancé is?" Maud—"Oh, yes! Don't you see that the dear fellow will be saving enough for us both!"—Puck.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

By Balloon.

Perhaps the North Pole may be reached in a balloon. The question has been mooted and may be carried out in the near future. A balloon with a cubic contents of 50,000 feet and capable of lifting twenty tons, furnished with a number of smaller balloons containing a reserve supply of hydrogen, would certainly seem to give every promise of success. The balloon would carry five men, with baggage, a number of Eskimo dogs, several boats and a large sledges. It is calculated that from Spitzbergen, where the trip will begin, the air currents which blow steadily from the south, will carry them across the Arctic circle and directly over the North Pole in a flight of about four days' duration. Thus, instead of assisting to destroy human life, the military balloon may be the means of the discovery of a new continent, proving once more that "the glory of a scientific invention is its utility to mankind."—Boston Herald.

A telephone line between Berlin and Vienna has been formally opened.